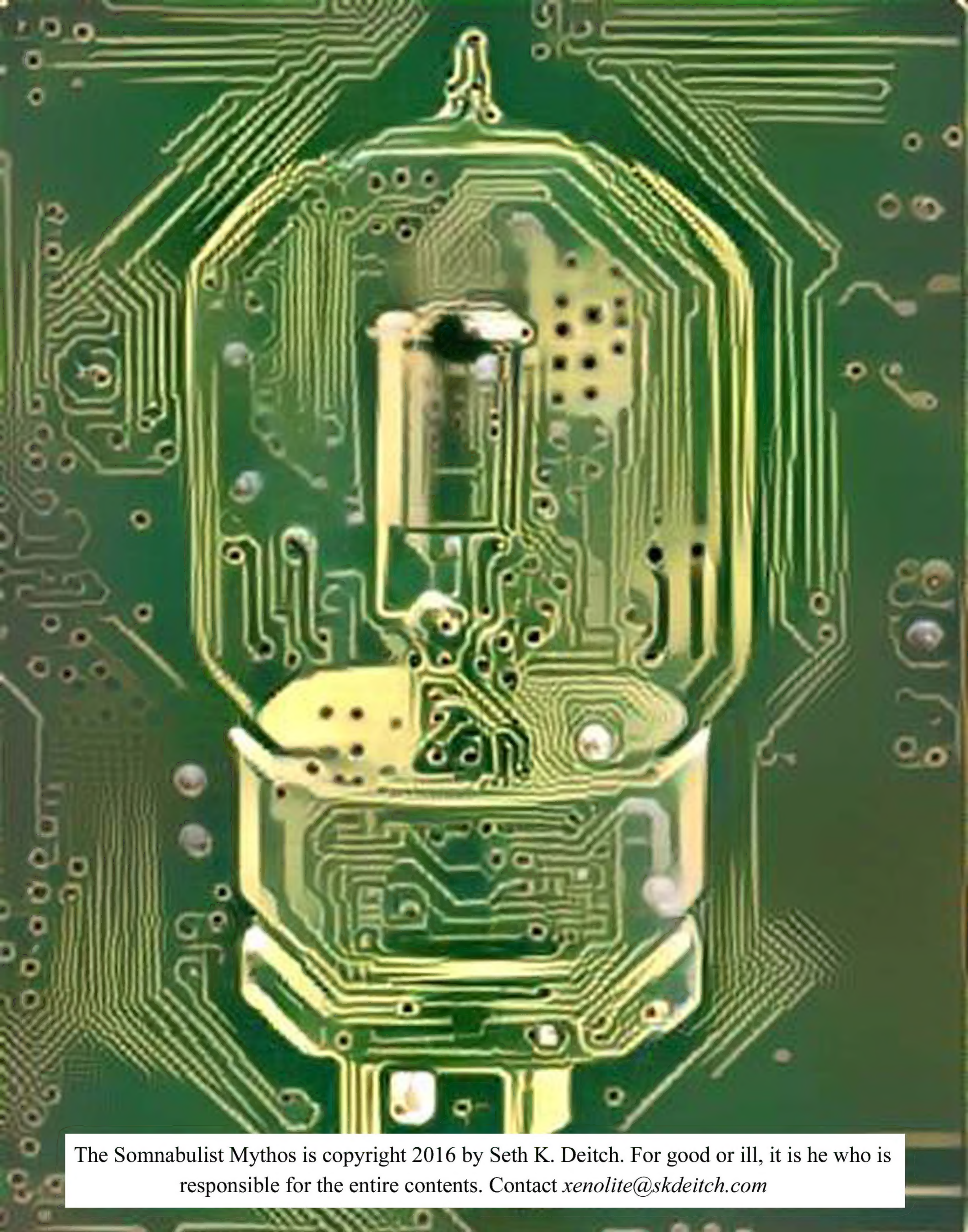


The somnambulist Mythos





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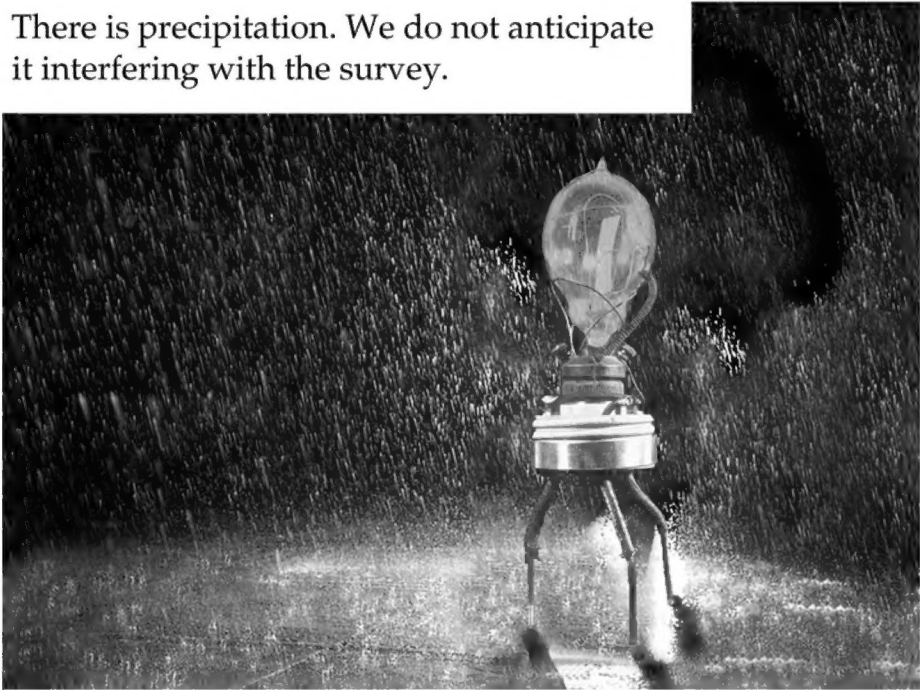


Attention Base. We are in.

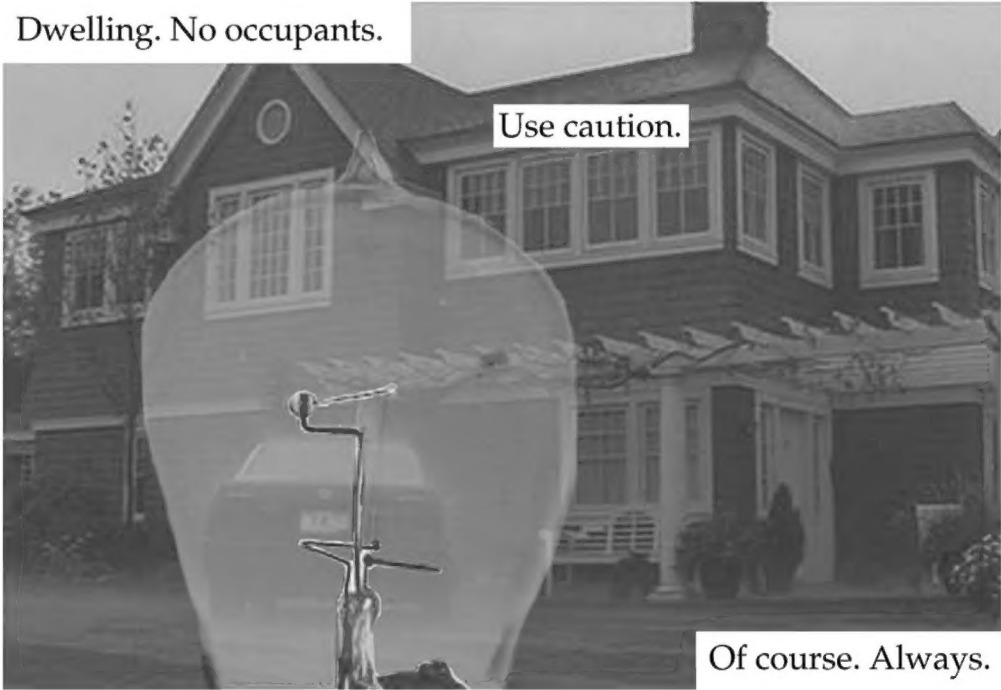


Excellent. Begin survey immediately.

There is precipitation. We do not anticipate it interfering with the survey.



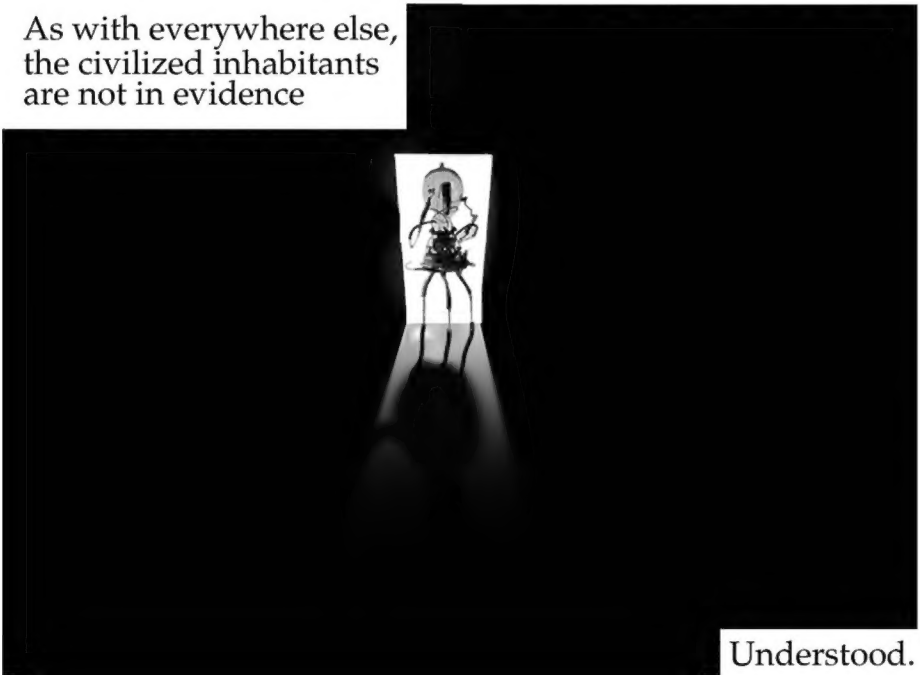
Dwelling. No occupants.



Use caution.

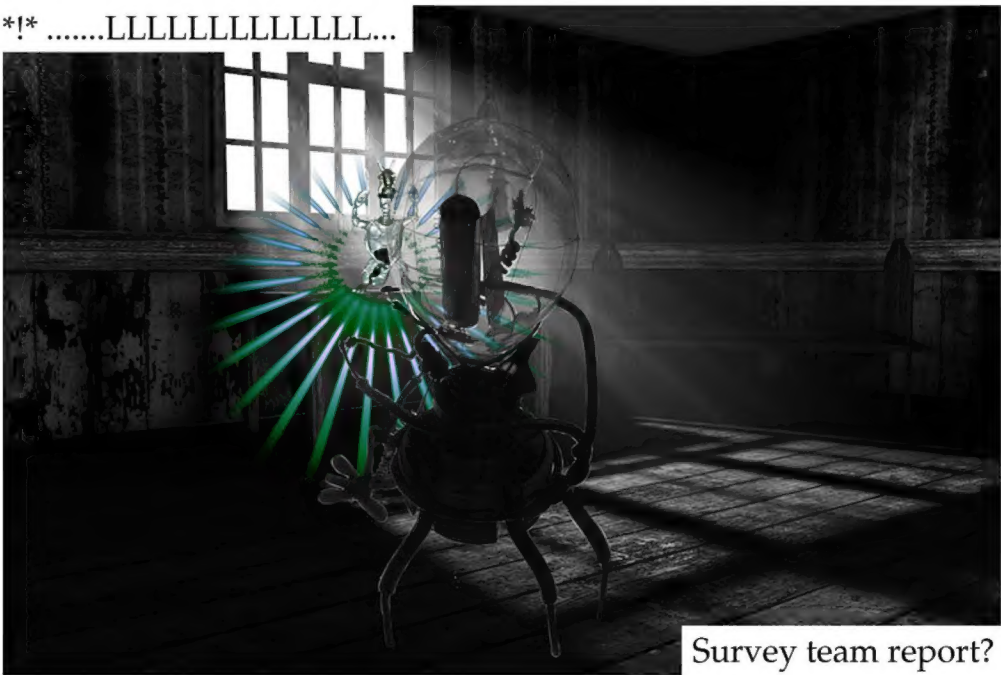
Of course. Always.

As with everywhere else, the civilized inhabitants are not in evidence



Understood.

!LLLLLLLLLLLLLL...



Survey team report?

...LLLLLLLLL...

Unit 1. Report!

Unit 1. Report!



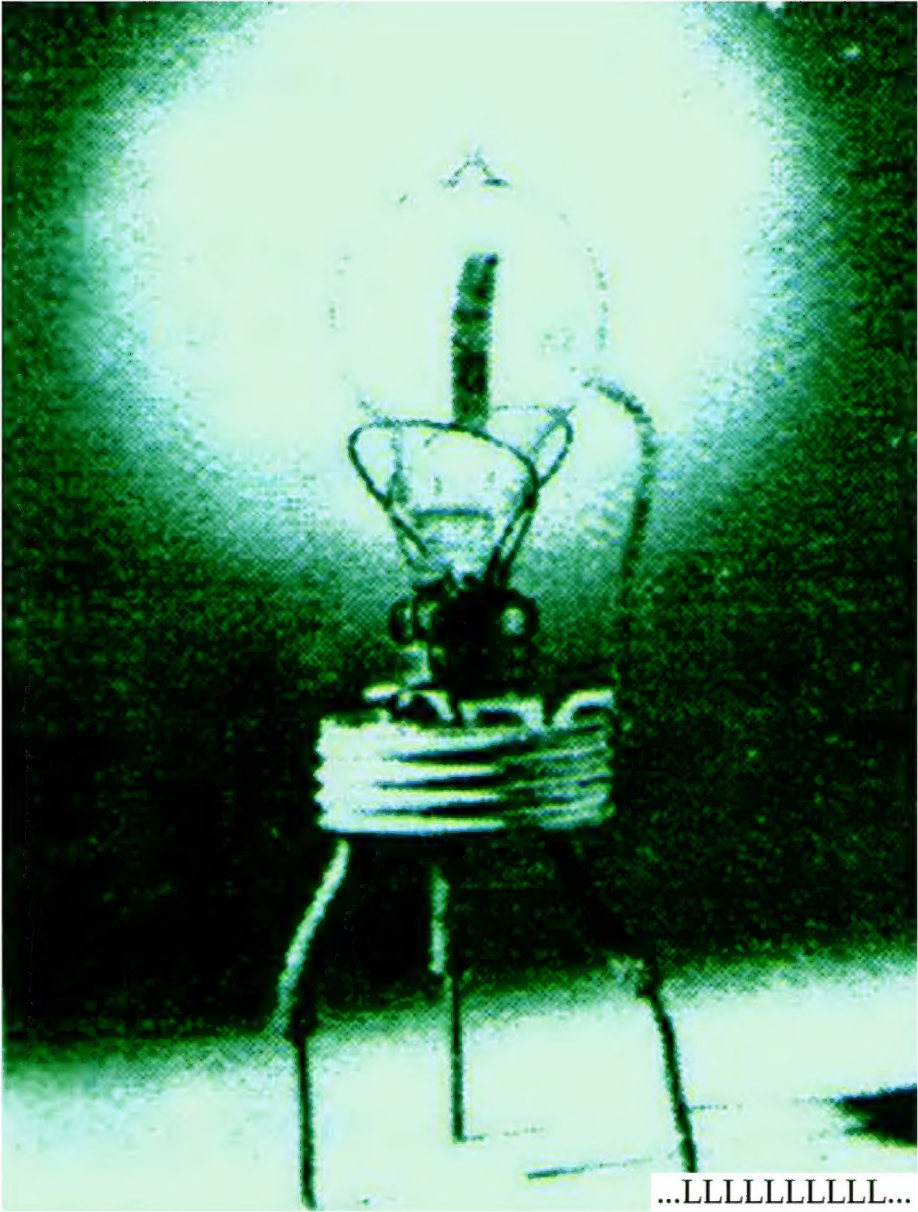
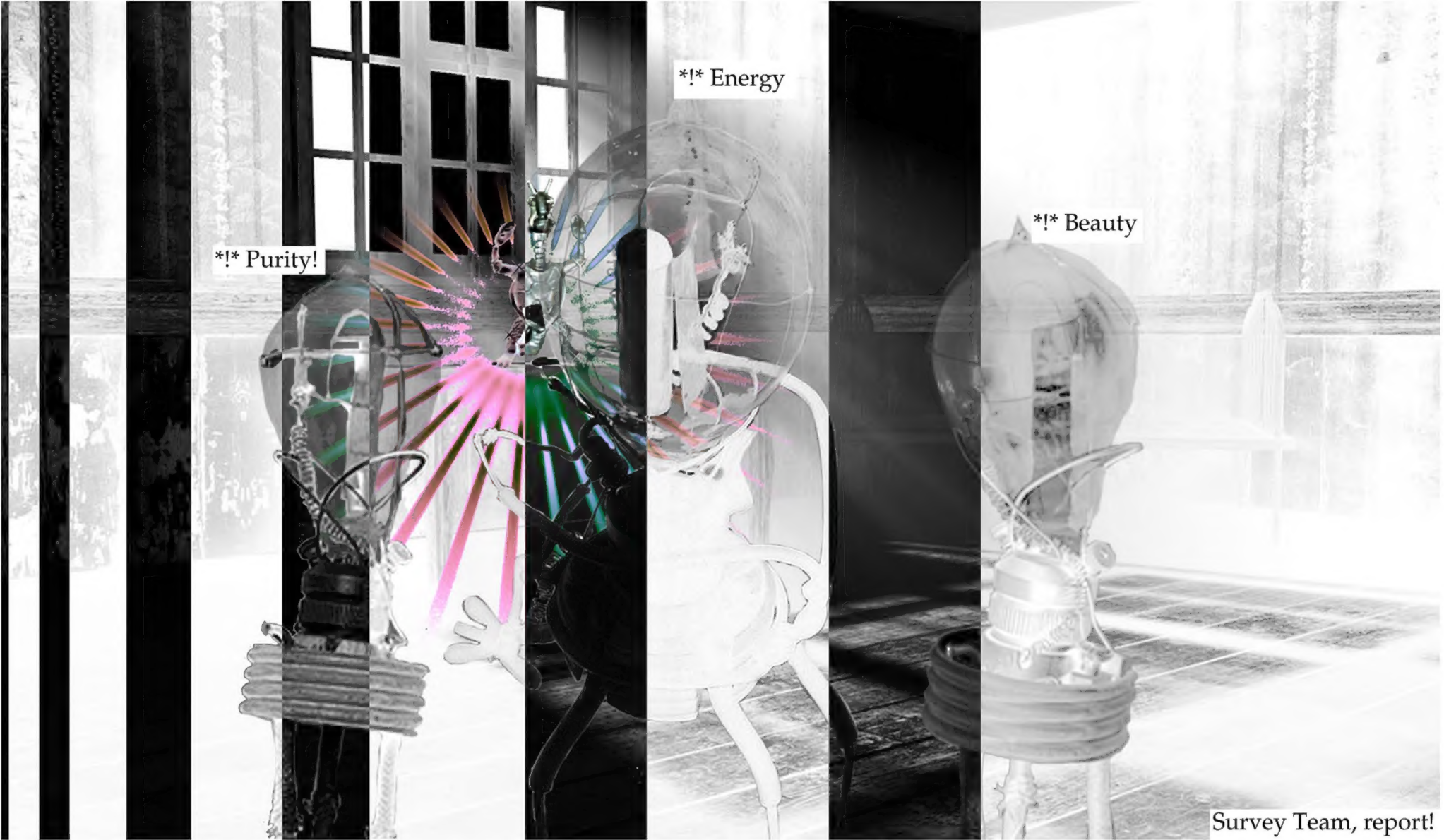
LLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL



Unit 2? Unit 3?



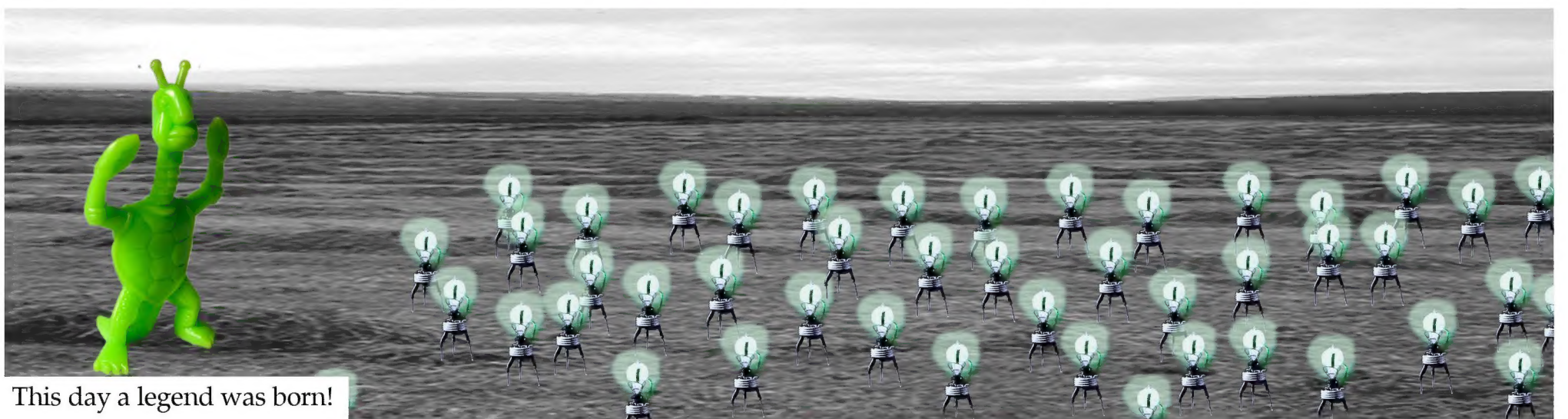
...LLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL...



Survey team report!



It will be remembered



This day a legend was born!





Dream Journal 4/10/2016

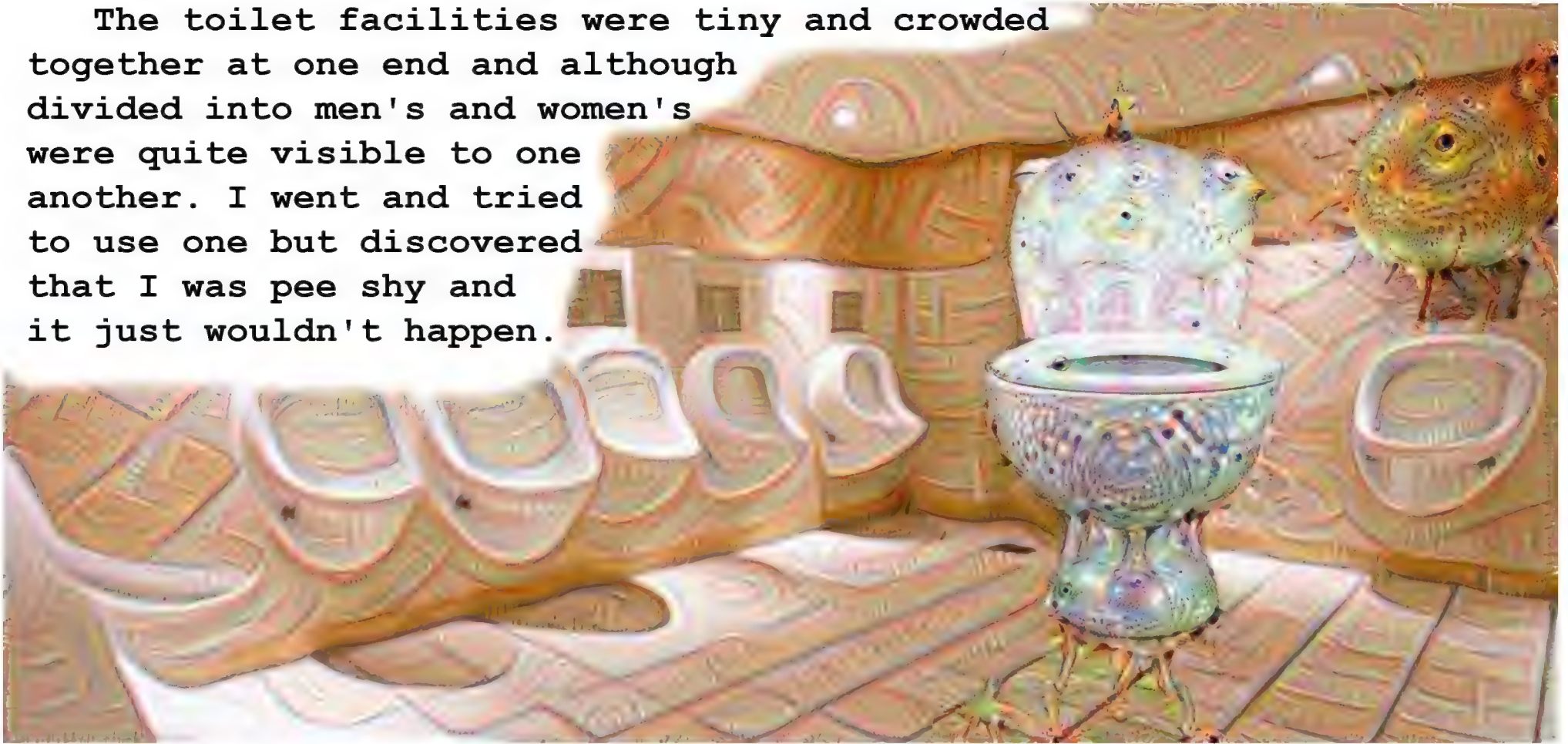


It started in Harvard Square. I was at a big store that had recently undergone some big renovation. I'm not sure if I was an employee or was just a customer who was there a lot, but everyone knew me and was well disposed toward me. After the end of the day we were all going to go out for drinks, the employees and I. I went out into the square. The store was at the site of the Au Bon Pain. I can't say exactly what they sold but it included candy and coffee and it wasn't principally a restaurant.



I was looking for a bathroom. There was this place where people would take handicapped children to go for family type activities and I thought they might have a bathroom I could use. They did but it was weird in a lot of ways. It was the size of a gymnasium and exposed to the street so anyone could see in. I saw a naked fat man, he had long red hair and a big bushy beard playing with his son who I somehow knew was autistic. It embarrassed me to see it not so much because I felt I was intruding on them but because it felt like I was put in a position where I had to see it.

The toilet facilities were tiny and crowded together at one end and although divided into men's and women's were quite visible to one another. I went and tried to use one but discovered that I was pee shy and it just wouldn't happen.



I went back to the store and it was now near closing time and we would all be going out soon. The guy at the counter asked what I had had and I said a cup of coffee. He asked how I was going to pay. For some reason I said "I'll owe you". He smiled. Apparently I had done enough for them to be worthy of a cup of coffee now and then and this was a regular little banter we had. He took a dime

out of the register and placed it on the counter in front of me. I picked it up and held it up to the light to watch the light bounce off it. The cashier's partner took the dime from me and put it back in the register.

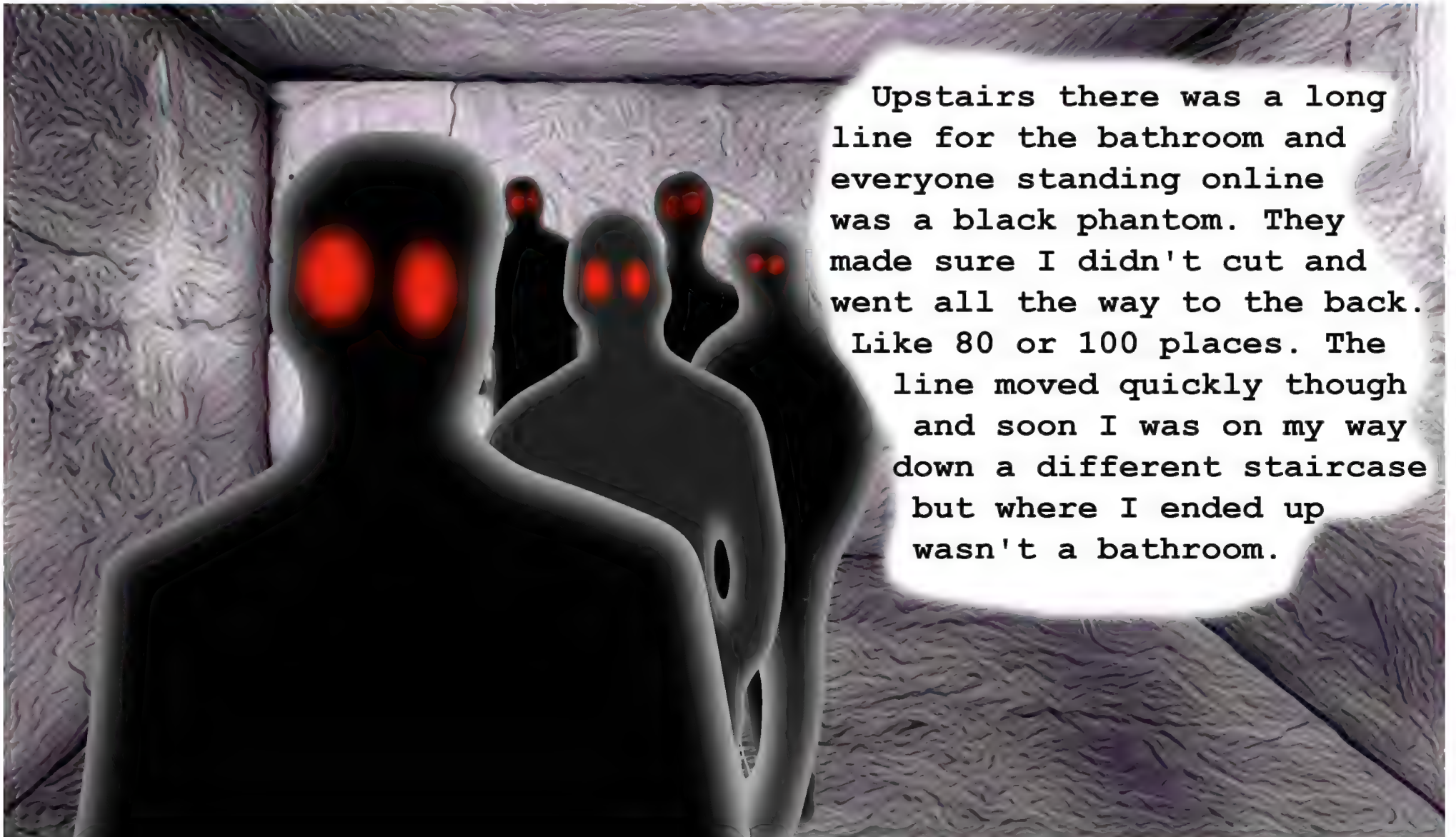


He smiled and said "You haven't earned one of those yet!" We all laughed.

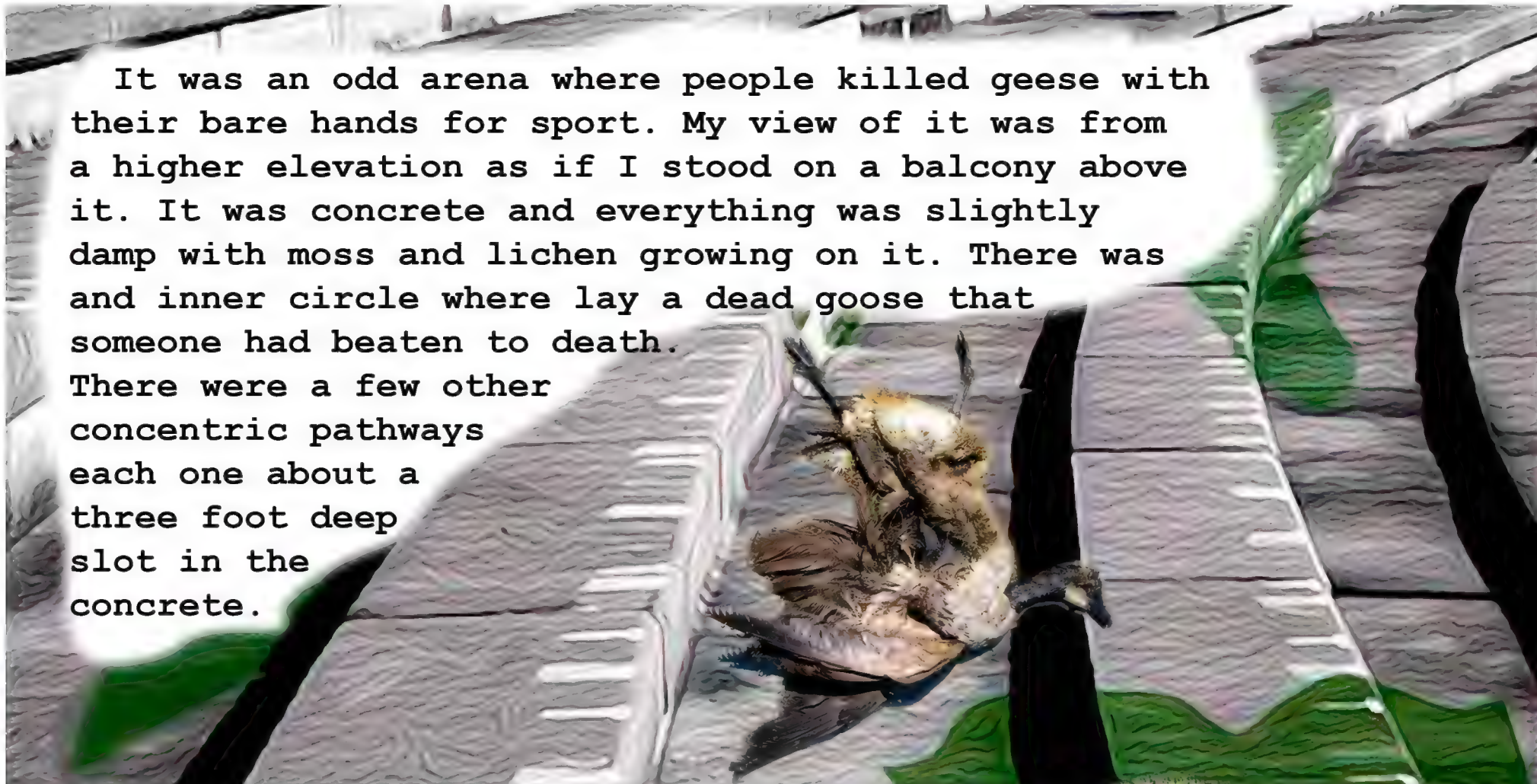
I asked if there was a bathroom.
"Upstairs and to the left."
He pointed at a large ornate
staircase behind him.



Upstairs there was a long
line for the bathroom and
everyone standing online
was a black phantom. They
made sure I didn't cut and
went all the way to the back.
Like 80 or 100 places. The
line moved quickly though
and soon I was on my way
down a different staircase
but where I ended up
wasn't a bathroom.



It was an odd arena where people killed geese with their bare hands for sport. My view of it was from a higher elevation as if I stood on a balcony above it. It was concrete and everything was slightly damp with moss and lichen growing on it. There was an inner circle where lay a dead goose that someone had beaten to death. There were a few other concentric pathways each one about a three foot deep slot in the concrete.



In one of them a girl was wringing a goose's neck. I could hear the bones cracking. The girl was maybe 8 years old and completely nude. She seemed utterly savage.



Above the outermost circle a humanoid lion relaxed and A creature was coming toward him.

It was a very strange creature with brown and gold fur. It had no tail. Its face looked upward and was very sad and it lamented in a language I couldn't understand. It came and placed its head in the lap of the lion man who stroked its back to comfort it. It rolled over, still complaining and whining to have its belly stroked and I saw that it had a second face on the underside of its head. It was crying like a child as the lion man attempted to comfort it.



I woke.

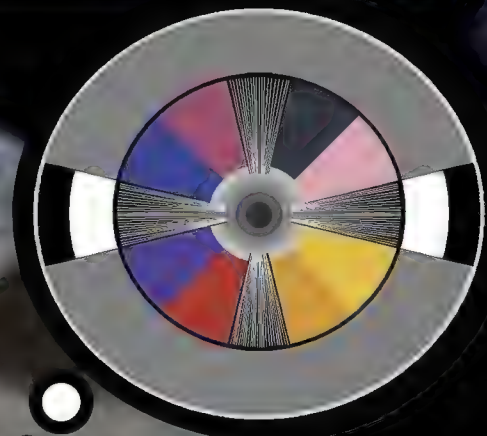
אָפּען!!

ווען געטוהט
ווערט ער
ווערט.

ערגעצאלט...

טוהט
אָפּען!

ווען ער
ווערט. ווען
ווערט ער
ווערט. ווען
ווערט ער
ווערט. ווען
ווערט ער
ווערט.



Dream Journal 5/20/2016

I am on a date at dinner in a restaurant. I excuse myself to go to the bar and get a drink.



For some reason I think it is a better idea to go and get it from a bar around the corner than the one in the restaurant. I go there. The place is undergoing renovations, but it seems to be open. I go up the bar. The bartender is a black woman in her 30s, really attractive. We end up exchanging some flirty words and I am thinking that I might really have a chance here. I finally get around to ordering a drink.



I ask for a scotch and soda
and hand her a twenty which
she quickly titty-vaults and
says she will go get it.

Apparently the liquor isn't right there
because of the renovations going on or
something. For some reason it doesn't seem
strange to me anyway, besides I am really
enjoying the sight of her walking away from
behind. She turns and says "A scotch and
soda, right?"


"No. Scotch with just an ice cube"

I say (*In the dream I think that is what I
said in the first place and I didn't realize I
had changed my order until after I had woken*)

"Scotch with a cube. Got it".

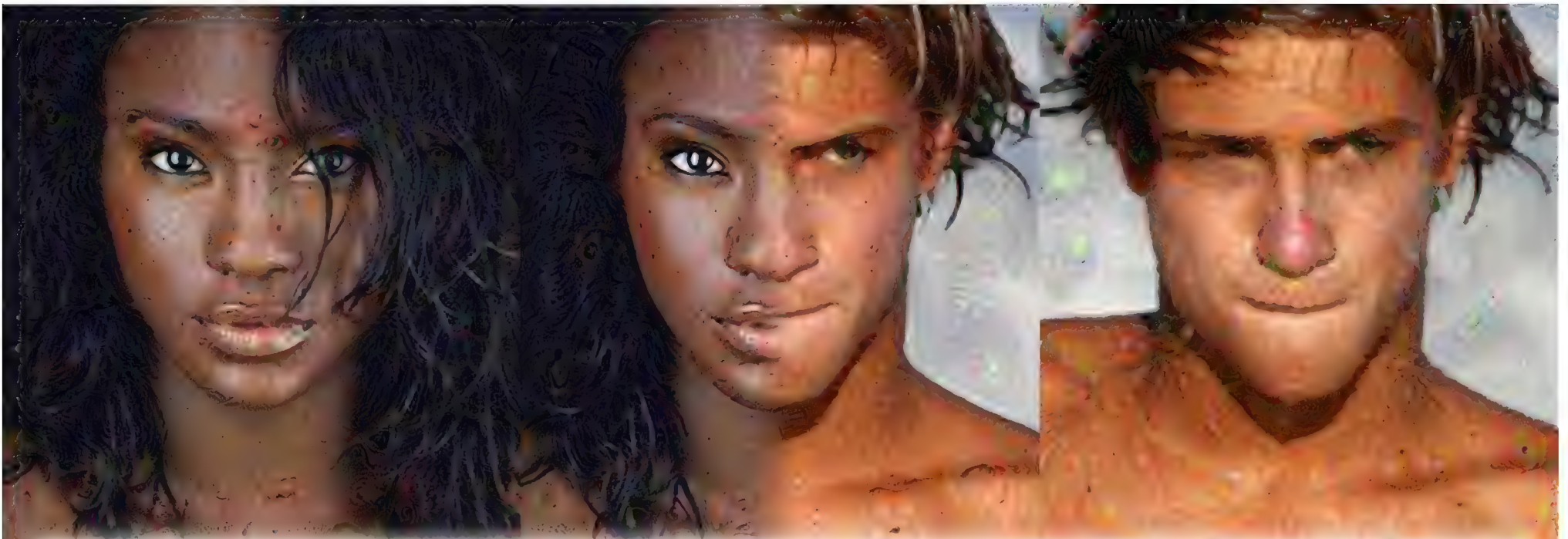


I am waiting.



As I wait people are around me are measuring things,
moving things, painting things, laying bits of carpet,
moving in stock. I am realizing that I have been there
for hours, days. I am hungry and thirsty. I realize that
my date must think I just disappeared (which I did) and
I think I really need to go back and explain myself, but
I have a drink coming. I finally go into the back to ask
someone about the bartender. This worker looks at me
and says "Bartender? We sell women's shoes here."

"No. I ordered a drink from the bartender!" I hold up my hand.
"About this tall....very pretty black girl, cocktail dress?"
They look at me like I just got off the boat from Mars. Just
then she reappears, without a drink I might add.



"I'm so sorry!" She says. "I was held prisoner by the Viet Cong!" I don't find her story believable but she continues to add more and more ridiculous elaborations and as she is going on I start to realize that she is not who or what I thought she was. She isn't a beautiful black woman in a cocktail dress but is actually a skinny white teenage boy in swim trunks with wet hair. I am the victim of a prank.



He runs off and I chase him. I don't know what my intentions are when I catch him, but he jumps over a balcony and there is a swimming pool below.

I look over and see that the water is all frozen and the kid is standing there flipping a coin in the air.



It repeatedly lands on the ice perfectly on its edge and rolls for a bit. He picks it up and flips it again and the same thing happens again and again and again. Every time the coin lands and rolls it leaves a coppery trail on the surface of the ice.

I am transfixed by the shining trail which takes up more and more of my field of vision until it is all I can see.



I Wake.





Gabriel's Ophicleide



Give away poster that came with "Gabriel's Ophicleide CD"

The world is full of doors, short passages from one place to another. It's a simple enough concept, you pass through an aperture and you occupy a different space from the one you previously occupied. Well, there are different spaces and then there are *different* spaces.

I remember when I was young, very

young maybe seven or so. I was very proud of the fact I could read a little and I went around reading aloud any sign or caption I saw. I sure didn't know the meaning of every word I read. Anyway I was with my mother and one of my brothers in a museum that had historical displays and things like that. I don't remember what museum it was. For one of those reasons known only to kids I wandered off and walked through an open door and there was a display on the life of Lincoln. It had all the usual Civil War stuff, lots of Brady photos, mementos, a plaster cast of

Lincoln's hands and it had a bunch of photos of him throughout his life. Here he was as a young congressman without a beard, numerous pictures of him as president and one of him as an old man with gray hair and bushy eyebrows. I thought the exhibit was pretty cool and I went and found my brother who was looking at some Indian artifacts. I told him to come look at the picture of old Lincoln.

"Ya little dope!" he said, "Lincoln never got to be an old man. He was assassinated."



I didn't know what "assassinated" meant. I would learn the next year when it happened to Kennedy, but at that moment it was just another big word that I didn't know the meaning of. I insisted and he finally followed me through the door, but it wasn't the same room. Now it was filled with a display of lady's dresses from the colonial era. My brother snorted and went back to the Indian display while I searched for the right door. It wasn't a real big museum and it only took me a little while to go through every door as I got more and more frustrated. My mom finally insisted that I stop running around. Thanks to a

a short attention span, I soon moved on to other things.

That was the first time for me, but I know it happens to other people too. Sometimes we walk through doors into a different space, a space where things are *different*. Some of us don't come back as in the famous case of Benjamin Bathurst.

I come back. I always come back. I have come to be unusually aware of exactly what door I enter a room through and take pains to exit via the same door. Not all doors lead to different spaces, but I never know when one will. This isn't a special power, I just happen to be aware that it happens. Believe me, it happens to all of you and plenty of you know it but most of you don't. You probably don't have anything happen to remind you that things are different or things aren't different enough for you to even notice if you are beyond the door only a short time. People do get stuck though and don't notice. I was talking to a guy who I was shooting a game of pool with in a bar in 1980 or so. He just casually remarked that making a certain shot would be "as impossible as putting a man on the moon."



A few people snickered a bit. I just raised my eyebrow and nodded at the guy. He had stepped through a wrong door and hadn't realized it yet. I wasn't about to ruin his day by telling him. I even missed the shot on purpose out of sympathy.

The Cambridge Public Library is a place I frequent. I have really been trying to discipline myself to stop buying books and get paper out of my life. I got



an e-reader and started scanning my entire library so I could reduce clutter.

If there is a book or a cd that I want and I can't find files of it online, I try (but

don't always succeed) to walk past the bookstore or record store and go to the library.

There was the day that I decided that I had to hear Bruckner's eighth symphony, not because I'm a big Bruckner fan but a friend (wrongly) thought I would find it interesting. Anyway... I went looking for it in the library and as I was flipping through the CDs saw that there was a bunch of march and ragtime stuff I hadn't seen before. Let me say that if there is anything I like better than pre World War II popular music, it's pre World War I popular music!

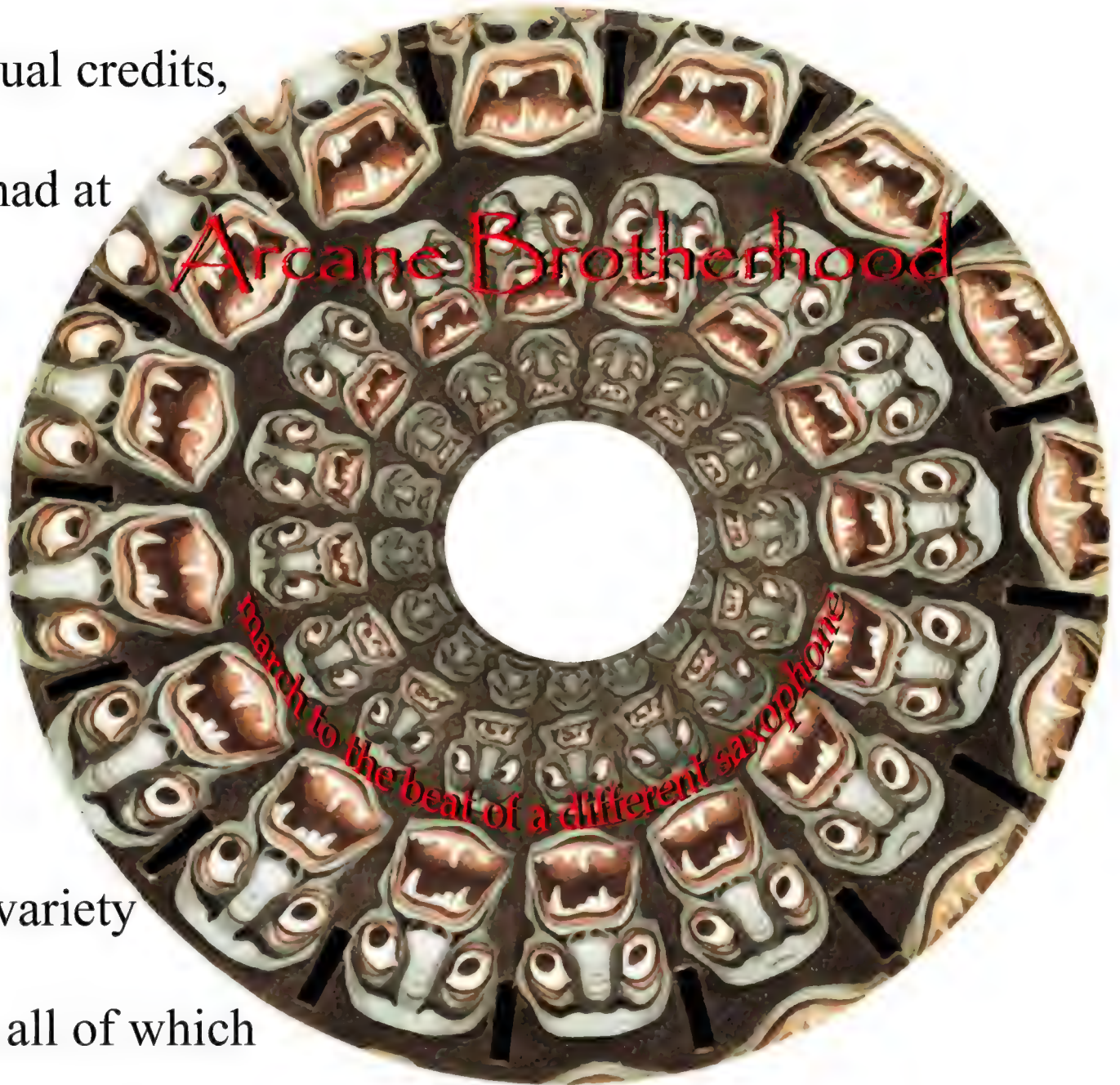
I found a pile of CDs by a group called "The Arcane Brotherhood". Based on the track lists on them the use of the term "arcane" seemed appropriate indeed. The tracks mostly seemed to be originals but the credited old tunes ranged from coon songs to Sousa marches to ragtime, but they also did versions of instrumental numbers by Raymond Scott and Frank Zappa. What the hell kind of band was this?



"march to the beat of a different saxophone" (1999)

I looked up for a moment and noticed it was cloudy outside with a light drizzle falling. I idly hoped my bicycle seat wouldn't end up too wet and I turned to look out the door I came through and saw out the front door that it was bright and sunny outside. Right. I scooped up all five CDs and went back out the door I came in through and checked them out.

There were no individual credits,
but some of the tracks had at
least a dozen musicians
on them. Piano, banjo,
horns, guitars,
mandolins, what
sounded like a giant
hammered dulcimer, a variety
of reed instruments not all of which



"march to the beat of a different saxophone" disk

my ear could identify although one of them I suspect must have been a
contra-bass saxophone. It was like a strange combination of a marching
band and a mandolin orchestra with a soupçon of country fiddle ensemble
thrown in. The group had the flavor of a surreal amplification of ragtime
era sensibility. It somehow came off as seeming actually more authentic
than the original material.

They had original tunes that sounded like they could have come from
E.T. Paull or Wilbur Sweatman and others that could have come from
minstrel shows or any of a hundred early twentieth century novelty records.



"Gabriel's Ophicleide" (2010) cover and tracklist

The most recent album "Gabriel's Ophicleide" is particularly perplexing for having swing and blues selections played on archaic brass and reed instruments. The chorus of krumphorns and ophicleides on "Big Leg Woman" and the album's title track, which is a circus march with elements of big band swing, verges on terrifying. The track entitled "Molasses for the Masses" is dense string ragtime. I honestly do not believe that I have ever heard that many banjos and mandolins playing at the same time or ever shall again. "Pickled Pixie Parade" is an exercise in tuned percussion novelty. Xylophones and marimbas take the listener through an accelerating and slightly disturbing raggy march that also includes bagpipes and bongo drums. Listening to it is an exhausting experience.

It seemed peculiar to me that a band like this could exist and be successful enough to make this many recordings in the twenty-first century. Just how different was the space that provided fertile soil for The Arcane Brotherhood?

I returned to the library and entered the record room. I wasn't sure if it would be the same record room, I never was. I saw the same weather out the front door as I did out the window, but that was no sure indicator.



"A Signal from Mars" (2005) front and back cover

Of course if the CDs didn't appear in the catalog, the library wouldn't have a record of them. I figured that I was going to keep the CDs. I checked them out and they would have a record, but I could claim they made a mistake and prove it by searching the catalog. Let them try and figure it out.

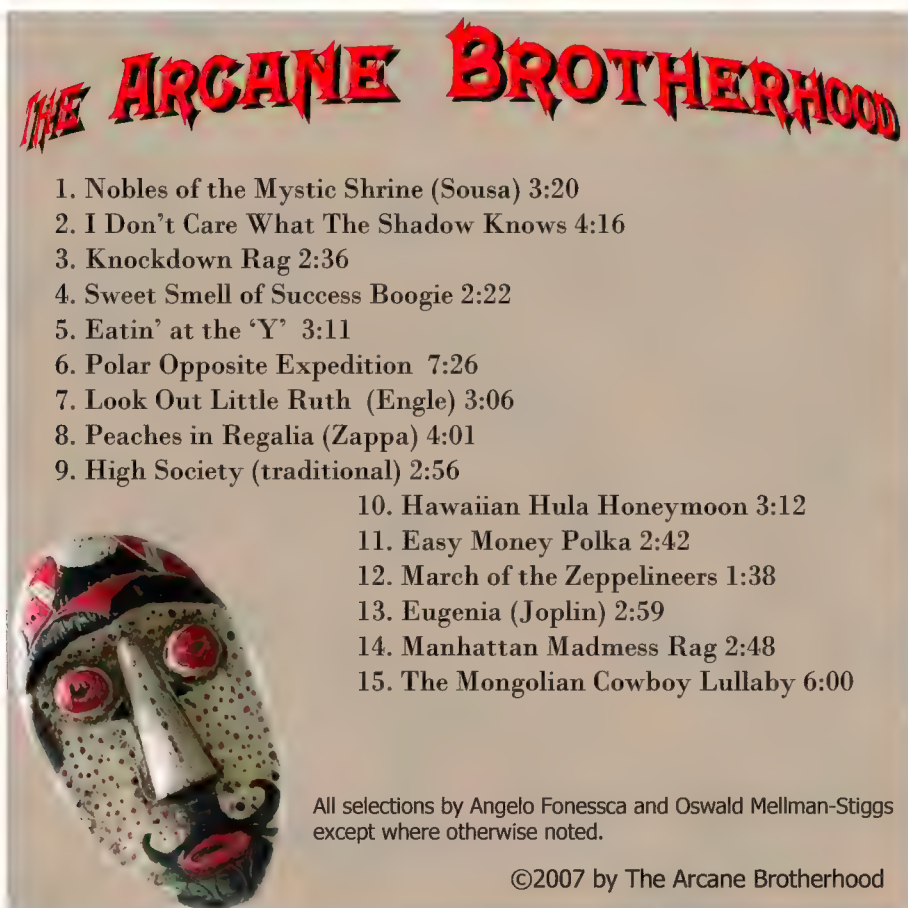
For months I played the disks again and again. I ripped them to my iPod and studied the tracks for a sign of insight about the reality from which they had sprung all to no avail. It was great music that I loved, but its existence in this form seemed so unlikely.



"Polar Opposite Expedition" (2007) front cover



"Polar Opposite Expedition" back cover

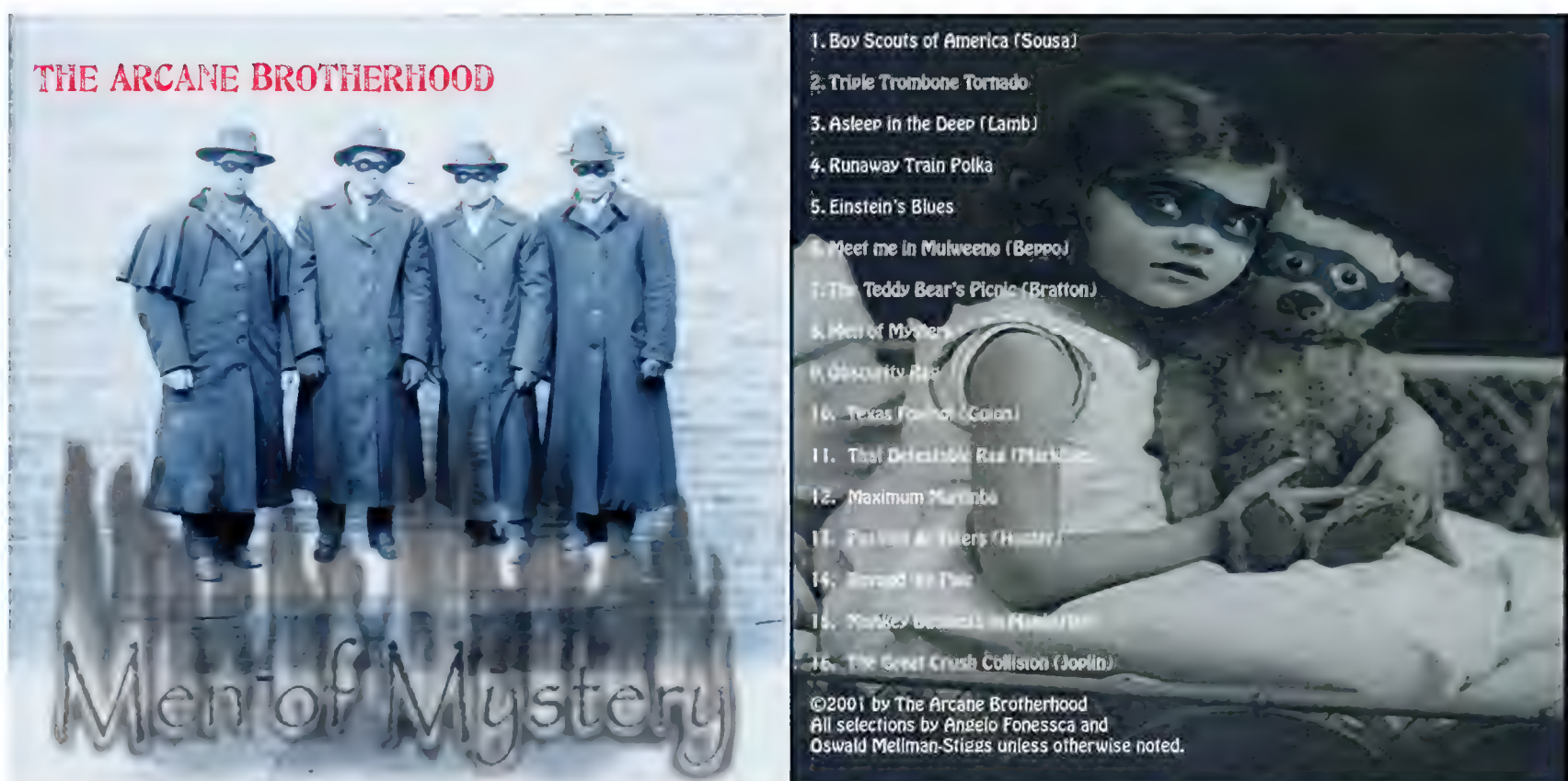


"Polar Opposite Expedition" tracklist

The artwork on the CDs was weird. For the kind of music this was. You would just expect a lot of straw boater hats and band uniforms to figure heavily in the packaging design. While the imagery was definitely retro, it owed more to the surrealist style of high concept

psychedelic bands. The whole thing didn't compute culturally. I wondered if those psychedelic bands ever existed in the place these came from, the place beyond the door. I didn't recall too much else of what I saw in the bin. I didn't even look at the popular music bin or even notice if there was one.

Frank Zappa had composed at least some of his oeuvre (although King Kong on A Signal from Mars was slightly different from the version I was familiar with) as had Raymond Scott and the CDs contained Dixieland and swing tunes as well as stride and boogie-woogie numbers. Jazz had happened, but where it had gone I could not say from the evidence. There was blues, but nothing that sounded like there was any sort of rock & roll influence. Was this from a world without Chuck Berry, or Jerry Lee Lewis? No Beatles, no Rolling Stones? Again, I could not say.



"Men of Mystery" (2001) front cover and tracklist

The records were basically only a single artifact. I had no angle on its place of origin. Imagine if you lived in a world where the whole second half of the twentieth century had gone differently. Let's say it's a world in which Hitler was prevented from attaining power. World War II would never have happened or at least have been very different and consequently culture would have been very different. Maybe Rock & Roll as we know it would never have developed, maybe relations between the United States and the Soviet Union would have gone quite differently. Maybe nuclear weapons would never have been developed. Maybe. Maybe not. Imagine someone from that

Men of Mystery case insert



world walks through the wrong door just long enough to grab a handful of CDs from our frame of reference. Not CDs of the stuff on the cutting edge of hipness either. Could they envision our world from them? No, of course not.



"I Gave my Heart to a Man of the Sea" (2002)

"I Gave my Heart to a Man of the Sea" tracklist



The title cut of the Arcane Brotherhood's 2002 album "I Gave My Heart to a Man of the Sea" keeps going through my head. It is a lugubrious brass band number that features a haunting trombone solo.

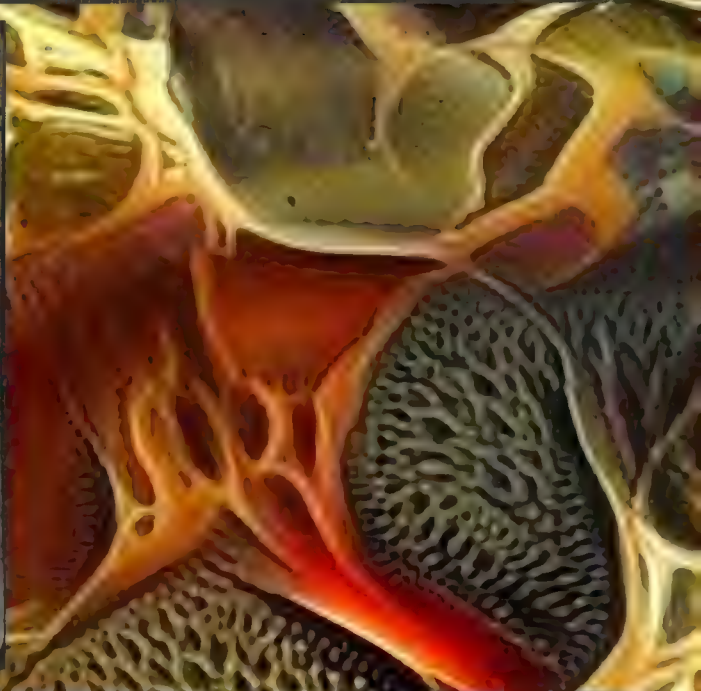
It is steeped in the sadness of loss. To me it is emblematic of a world just a hairsbreadth away and yet so distant that I shall never again touch it. It is the strange feeling of having lost something I never knew in the first place.

The End















Dream Journal 10/22/2016



I was walking through a woodland with a number of men, perhaps under their protection. They each wore a long coat with many buttons and wore a square shaped hat. Over their faces was a pointed cone shaped mask. They each carried a very long flintlock rifle.



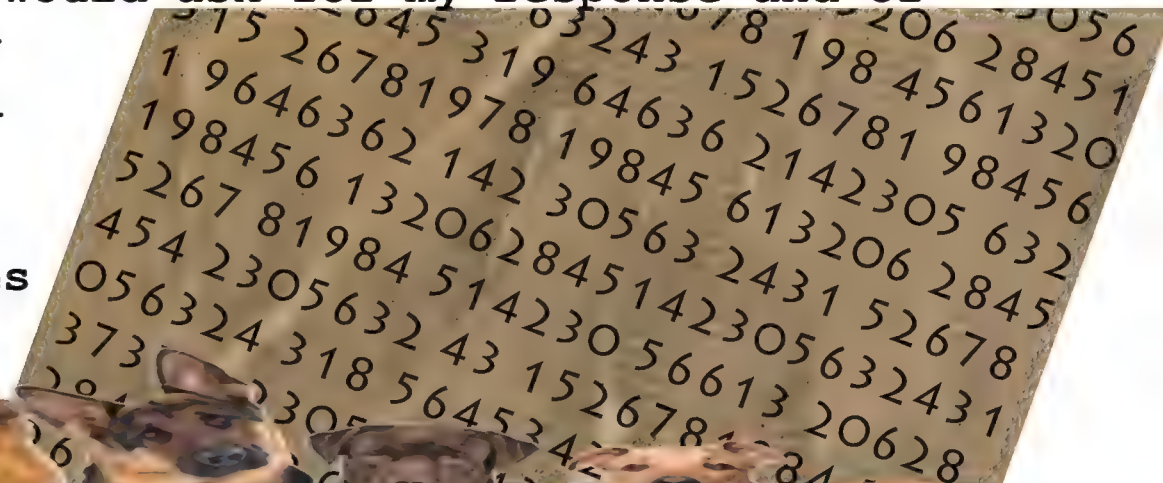
A Little girl played a concertina and sang about the planet Mars.



I was being brought written messages by a number of different couriers, all beautiful women. I couldn't read them, they were in a foreign language. Each courier would ask for my response and of

course I would have none. They started becoming impatient and even angry.

I was given four books and instructed to make seven copies each. They were just page after page of numbers.

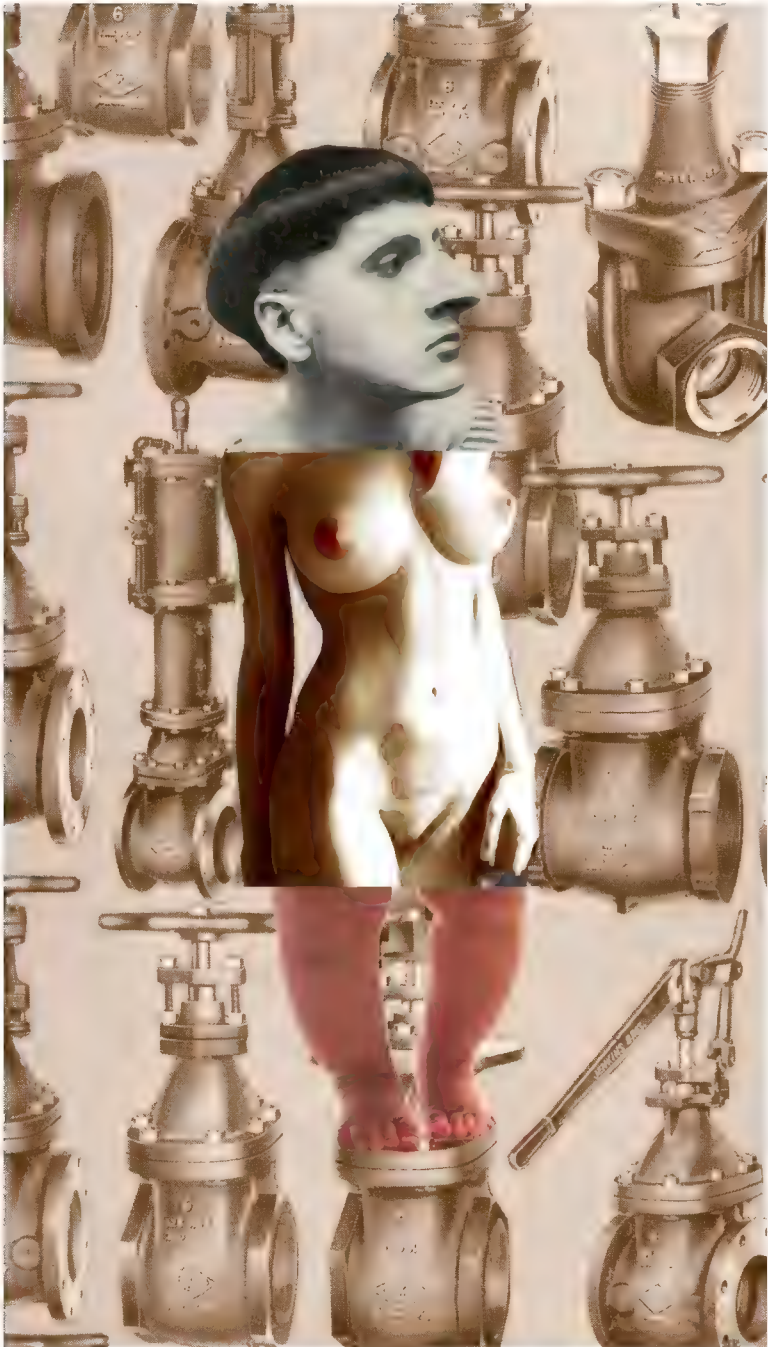


There was a dog barking outside my window, then two then many. I looked out and saw that the front yard was covered in dogs.





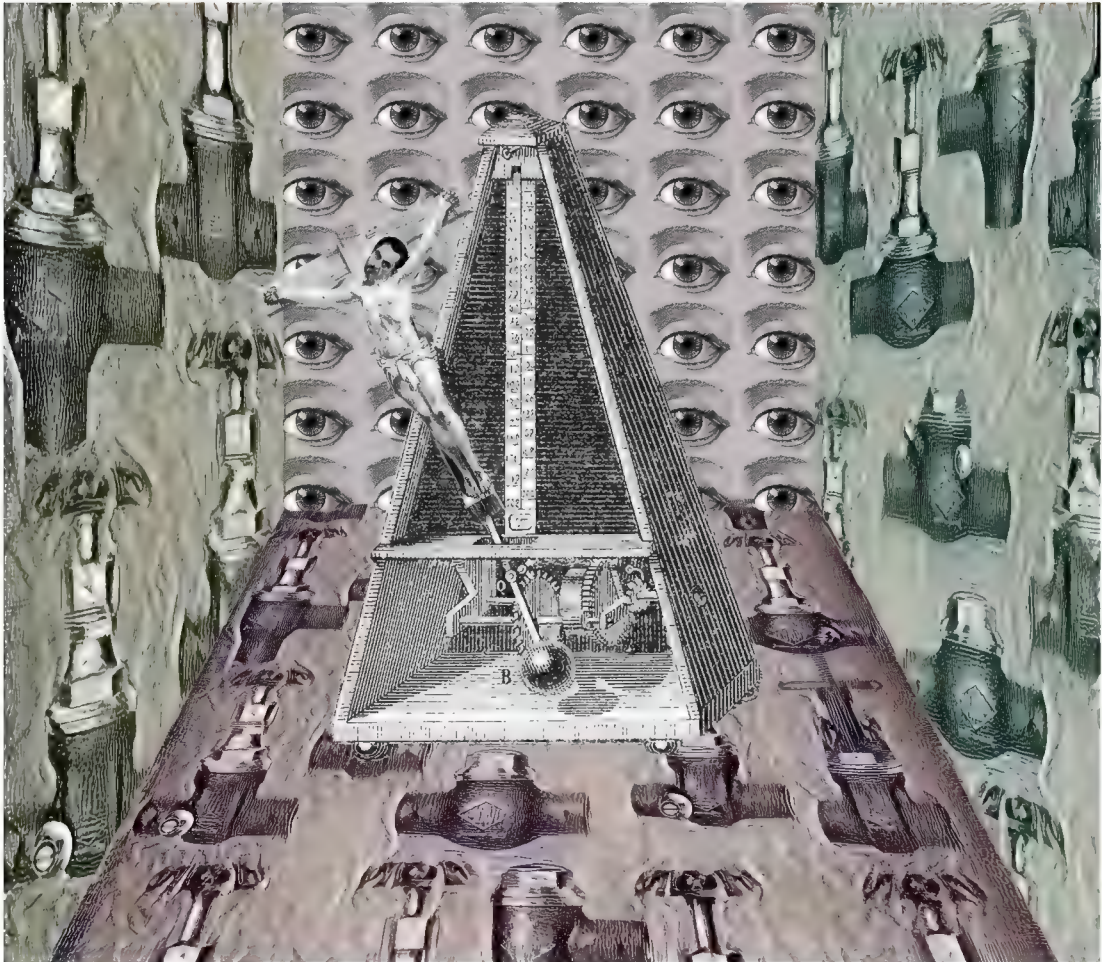
Historical essay



Le cadavre exquis
Destroyed Object



Cut with a knife





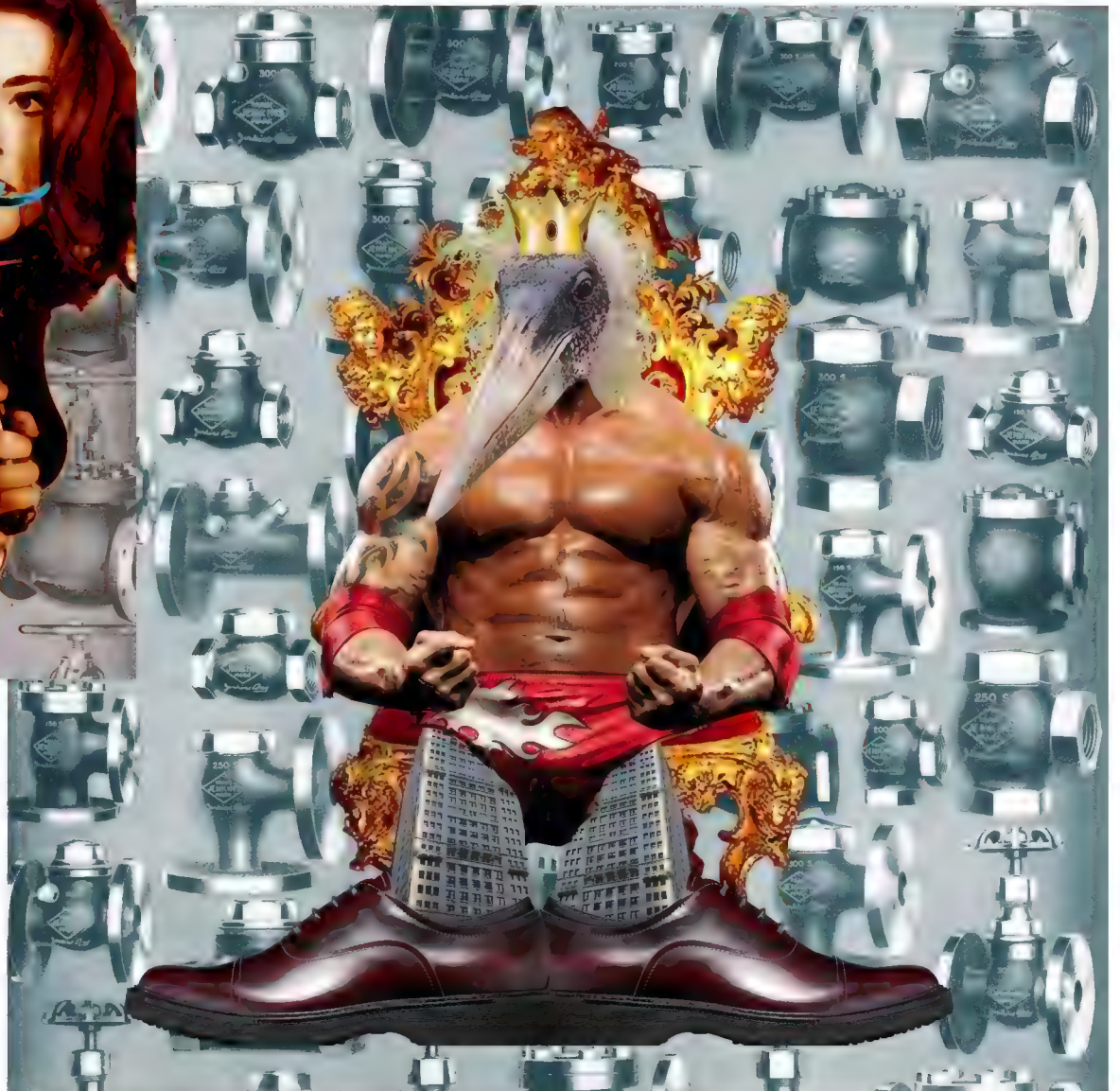
Monster in the Waterworks



Hello, Joe!



Pop, pop, pop



Loplop pop



A vintage-style illustration of a rocket ship launching from Earth. The rocket is depicted in a classic, slightly grainy style, with a large nose cone and multiple stages. It is shown ascending from the Earth's surface, which is visible in the bottom left corner. The sky is a deep blue, filled with numerous yellow stars of varying sizes. The word "MARS" is written in large, bold, red, serif capital letters across the center of the image, partially overlapping the rocket and the stars. The overall aesthetic is reminiscent of mid-20th-century space exploration posters.

